

One Shots and Drabbles (Mainly AUs) that I have Written by MorningCait

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Summary:

These are all some one shots that I have written on my free time.
This will be uploaded every Monday and/or Tuesday.
Hope you enjoy them!

1. John Wick - Help

Author's Note:

This one does have a few follow up parts to it. So this is part 1 so far.

You threw your pen down for about the tenth time that hour. A migraine was beginning to come forward, to make the paperwork you were working on seem blurry and unfocused. Leaning back against your studies chair, you looked around. This study used to belong to your father, but since he stepped down from being the head of the family to the High Table it was yours. You were now at the helm for the North American Syndicate. Your ascension was uncontested and pretty much praised. Even though you were a younger girl.

But now you were trying to stop what had happened. Putting that bullet back in that gun is going to be next to impossible. You were a cog in a machine that was a lot bigger than you. What had happened broke too many rules, but you didn't blame John. Santino stacked the cards against the devil and got himself killed. Then that family started to run the campaign to sign a death warrant on John Wick. It worked, even your family signed the decree.

"Fucking men," you whispered while leaning your head back.

"I won't take offence to that," a low voice filled the study.

Taking a deep breath you smirked, "Wasn't to you anyway."

"Where are they?"

"All over. The ones you need to worry about is under my desk and middle left drawer."

"I will if you will."

Nodding, you grabbed both guns, completely unloaded them both and put them on top of the paperwork. Coming out of the shadows, John did the same to the two he had and sat down.

"What do you need John?" you asked casually, like an old friend. Even though you only met him once when you were younger.

"Allies. That won't put a bullet in me."

"I don't know how I can help with that right now considering," you sighed and gestured to your desk.

John nodded and looked at the mess on your desk, "You are the only one openly fighting to fix what I did."

"So far. It is not an easy battle," looking up at his face.

"Stop," he said firmly while meeting your eyes.

"What? Why?"

"It's not worth it. Stop."

Looking away, you mockingly chuckled, "I can't do that John. What happened-"

"Was my fault and mine alone. Back off. I deserve-"

"Not this. You don't deserve this. You knew Santino could live out his days at The Continental while calling the shots to kill you. Killing him was the only way to make it all stop." John looked away again but said nothing. "Tell me I'm wrong John. Go on."

"I had to repay a debt."

"And you did. Lost everything for it and still on the run. Your debt was repaid the moment the Marker was fulfilled. Santino took it too far. He was always stupid and impulsive like that," you reasoned surely.

"I don't deserve this from anyone," John looked at you again.

"But you do. Respect moves mountains. I am trying to move this mountain for you. To show you the respect Santino did not."

A silence gripped the room, but you were comfortable in it. If John

wanted to kill you, you would already be dead.

"The Continental will never take me back," John reasoned.

"Probably not, but the bounty will be eliminated, as well as the death order by The High Table," you reasoned right back.

"Think you can win?"

You scoffed, "A slim chance that I am willing to take. But I am slowly changing minds. Think you can stay alive that long?"

He smirked, "A slim chance."

You smiled and even let out a small chuckle, "Anything else John?"

A small nod, "A place to stay for tonight."

You nodded almost instantly, "Of course. No one is here for a few days. But I'm going to guess you already knew that."

"I did."

"Pick a room you are comfortable in and I will make sure no one bothers you," you smiled.

Getting up, John stopped, "Don't you want a Marker for this?"

You stopped as you gathered your guns and thought a moment, "I didn't think you heard me about respect. So, no. I won't take that from you."

He nodded, gathered his guns and walked out of your study. John ended up staying two nights and even joined you for dinner. You knew when he left in the morning, he picked an empty room near yours.

When you got up to head back into your study, an envelope was waiting for you. Picking it up you noticed the weight immediately. Quickly, you opened it up and slid the golden marker onto your desk. You sat down as you started at it. Fishing for the letter you sat forward.

You didn't take this. I am giving it to you out of the same respect you showed me. - John Wick.

"Sonovabitch," you whispered while playing with the marker.

2. John Wick - Help Pt2

Notes for the Chapter:

This is part 2 of the first.

There will be a part 3 but I haven't written it yet.

The next few parts of this will be of other characters.

Thank you !

A knock at your study's door sounded like a bomb going off. Sighing and sitting back, you readied yourself for what was about to happen next. You weren't surprised that they had found you, you were surprised on how long it took them though.

"Come in!" you called out and glanced back at the papers you were looking at before the interruption.

One of your right hands came in and moved to the side and let the new comer into the room, "Good Afternoon. I'm -"

"The Adjudicator. I know who you are. What are you doing here?" They stood in silence for such a long time it made you look up at them in complete boredom. "Usually these things are answered to continue conversations..."

After it seemed that they finally got ahold of themselves, "I am here on business of The High Table."

"Well, I certainly didn't think you were here for a social call. It definitely doesn't seem like you," you put the papers down and finally gave them your attention.

"You helped John Wick not too long ago," they said in a flat tone.

"Can you prove that?" you questioned boredly.

They quirked an eyebrow at you, "I don't need to prove that. It's what The Table knows what happened."

Letting out a deep sigh you tried again, "Unless you can prove that I helped John Wick. You can leave my property in a quick manner."

"He was caught on CCTV footage from a port not too far away from here. You are the only one he knows on this coast."

"Plus, I own the coast and the ports that reside here. It's not an illogical step, but you are barking up the wrong tree. He didn't come here. There are many ways out of the coast. Bus, train, car."

They looked pissed at you, "The Table knows he came here. We are here for your penance."

"Unless you have more than some footage that shows he came to one of my ports. I give you nothing," You said plainly without anger or malice.

Coming closer to the desk you were behind, they placed their black coin on the desk, "I think you are forgetting who I am."

"I know who you are. But I thought John Wick was dead. Why do you care about all this now. Making a big deal about nothing," you ignored their statement and made one yourself.

"Tying the last of the strings together. Just to make sure that if he is alive, you won't make the same mistake again by helping him from under The Table," they stared and wouldn't blink.

"He wasn't here the first time. I am surprised that you are doing all of this however."

Tilting their head was their way of asking what I meant. You decided to let them in on something they were clearly missing, "You fucked with The Devil and was shocked he noticed and fought back. Why? You all knew his reputation and what he can do with the minimalist of effort. Then got mad he killed the man who would have ruined his life while conducting business on The Continental grounds. All the while hiding behind it. But hey, The Devil noticed, got angry enough and he was on the move."

Their whole face became more stern and pissed, "You forget who I work for. Who you work for."

Finally, you stood up, "The Table forgets who they stand on. Without the legs that you are trying to kick out, The Table becomes nothing

but something us commoners can walk on."

"The Table has the top assassins work for them."

"Kick a dog for too long and scold it for nothing, it starts to resent the owner," you shot back.

They kicked their head up and went into a staring contest with you, "You're going up against The Table?"

You chuckled and looked around, "Not I. But I am sure I am not the only one who thinks these things. And last I checked you can't go after someone for thought offenses. At least not yet."

"Do you want to know your punishment?"

You put your hands down on your desk and leaned in, "You give me more proof than what you have, you can ask for your penance to be paid in full. Other than that, get the fuck out of my house."

With one last staring contest, they picked up their coin, making sure they dragged it along your desk. Finally breaking eye contact they turned on their heels and left your study. Your right hand looked at you, "See they leave completely. Sweep for bugs and cameras. Total security protocols."

He nodded once and began to move fulfilling your wishes. You sat back down in a huff, "Here we go."

3. Matt Murdock

As you took a sip of your coffee Matt's door opened and slammed closed. You knew something was up, but decided to let him cool off. The thoughts in his head would have been louder than you anyway. He knew you were in his apartment, you called to tell him you were there hours ago. Days off got annoying when your annoying roommate had one too and wouldn't leave you alone.

Throwing his suitcase in the arm chair in front of you, he stormed off into his room. Picking up the book on the table, you resumed reading. Waiting him out sometimes took forever.

Finally after twenty minutes and one long shower later, he stood at the entrance of his room like a scolded child, "Sorry."

You smiled, "I know. Talk or time?"

"Time please. I'm not sorted yet," he said while going to sit next to you.

"I'm all ears when you are Matt," you said while still reading.

He simply nodded and moved to touch your leg, "Jesus, you're freezing. What the hell?" Suddenly he got up and went for the throw you forgot to put back last time.

"I am? I haven't noticed," you shrugged and cozied up to the blankets and Matt's body heat. You stayed down on the end of the couch while Matt sat in the middle with your legs on him.

Matt sighed in contentment while rubbing your legs. The two of you often did this on your down time. You had a natural calming aura that made people feel at ease. But that also came with random people following you around the city or refusing to leave a conversation. You were no push over or overly polite, but even you had limits of stupid.

"I might have fucked up," Matt simply stated.

"Might have?" You questioned while putting the book in your lap.

Humourlessly he chuckled, "No. I definitely fucked this up. Completely."

You sat up, but as soon as you tried to move your legs, he gripped them tighter, "Can I help?"

"You are," he said while turning his head to you.

With a sympathetic smile you move your arm up to pretty much pet his head, "I meant beyond what I am doing right now."

Matt shook his head, "No, I have to take care of this myself. Just had to get everyone in their corner to cool down."

"Alright," you said touching his cheek, "Just let me know."

4. Sander Driesen

You washed your paint brush and then dried it on your towel that was hanging over your shoulder. As soon as you tried to keep painting your brain shut down and got lost, "Fuck."

Hearing the door open you chose to ignore it and keep trying to find the train of thought you had just lost. When you didn't hear the door close right away, you turned around, "Hello?"

The guy at the door suddenly realized he was caught, "Uhh, hi."

You laughed a little at him, "Hi. Can I help you with something?"

"No. I just saw you painting through the window. This looks really good," he smirked and came closer.

"Thank you. However, I have lost what I was going to do next," you laughed and admitted.

Looking around you, he looked at the canvas that was set up behind you. You moved over and let him see what you were doing. Putting the paint brush down, you even looked at your painting from over his shoulder. Looking through his eyes in a way.

"This is pretty good. Not my total style, but still good."

"Thank you," you smirked and moved to stand more next to him than behind him.

"Sander."

"I've seen you around when some of us get together to spray paint something. You normally have a camera attachment," you admitted looking at your painting.

He chuckled, "I know you too. For the same reason. You usually have a can of spray paint."

"Well, now that we are acquainted. How do you really feel about it?" you nodded towards the canvas.

Quickly turning back to it, he pulled his best 'art critique' pose and walked back and forth in front of the canvas. Suddenly, the door opened again, "Sander?"

Sander stopped mid-stride and b-lined right for the newcomer, "Love, come and see this painting. Maybe you can give a better critique than I can."

You simply waved over at him and he awkwardly waved back, "Robbe."

Before you could reply Sander jumped in, "That is the spray painter I've mentioned a few times. Abstract."

Shrugging, you smirked, "Nice to meet you Robbe. Please, tell me honestly what you think."

Robbe stepped closer, "Who is it for?"

"My best friend. They just moved into a new flat and asked me to paint something for the living room," answering, you watched both of their faces.

Once Robbe got close enough Sander wrapped his arm around his shoulder and pulled him in closer, "What do you think?"

"It's good. I would like to see it finished," he said melting into the body next to him almost like he fit there.

"I could make that happen. I am using this space after classes. You can come by whenever," you offered.

Turning, he glanced over Sander's arm, "Really?"

Nodding in confirmation you smiled at him, "Of course. I am not a closed off artist. I will happily have the company."

Robbe then quickly smirked at Sander, "I can come see you more often and even watch you sketch."

Sander smirked and kiss him, "Anytime. Anywhere."

"Good, I want to come tomorrow if you will be here," Robbe said not totally looking at you, but the wonders of the boy in front of him.

Chuckling, you conceded, "Of course. I am here after class. I am sure you know when that is by now."

Robbe's smile became less inviting to the room and more secretive to Sander, "I do. I will be here tomorrow then. Thank you."

You did a small bow with your head and went towards the paint again. Sander kept looking at the painting and Robbe, mind seemed to be going a million miles an hour with no traffic stop, "I know I already painted you, but I want to again. In this moment. So I can keep reliving it."

Robbe seemed to embarrassingly chuckle but agreed, "Later."

"Later," Sander repeated and kiss him again. This time it wasn't so quick.

After you gave them a few moments you cleared your throat loudly, "I am not apposed to public displays of affection. But I am trying to meet a deadline here guys."

Robbe seemed to go red while Sander seemed to go cocky with his reaction, "But my boyfriend is so cute!"

You shook your head and laughed, "Tomorrow, right Robbe?"

Robbe couldn't find his voice so he quickly nodded and then tried to get Sander out of the classroom as fast as possible. Sander went with him until he hit the threshold of the door, "I think you should add some blue. It would bring some of the other colours together."

With that he was out the door hugging Robbe and stumbling down the hall trying to get impossibly closer.

"Blue... huh," you tilted your head and began mixing colours.

5. David Schreibner

You finally put your pen down and flexed your fingers out. Deciding that you need to crack your back, you made a bunch of weird stretches to work them out. Sitting back you stared at the computer and notebook.

Oh writers block my old friend... you were doing so well too.

Sighing deeply you closed your eyes trying to envision where your characters would go next.

"I've read some of your stories. They are really good."

Popping your eyes open, you looked at the newcomer in your space, "Have you actually?"

He nodded, "Yeah, I was looking for movie ideas and wanted to get inspired. So I began searching the web form that the school has. I stumbled upon yours and I couldn't put them down."

You smirked, "I didn't think anyone read those. I put them out there so I was involved in 'school spirit'."

Laughing, he looked at your notebook, "Well, I felt really inspired and put together a video. My names David. I already know your name."

"Hello David. Nice to meet you. I am glad someone felt inspired by my shitty writing and half ass thoughts."

"You undermine your ability," David shook his head and played with your notebook.

Raising your eyebrows, you let out a long breath, "I've been told all these things for a long time."

"Liars. They don't see what you can do. I've only seen bits and pieces of what you can do and I am highly impressed."

"Thank you," you smiled and tired to get yourself back in order.

"Actually, I was wondering if you could help me out a little," David looked insecure about asking you for help.

You looked at him and arched a brow, "With?"

"I have an idea. But it is all jumbled in my head and I can't put it all down or show what I mean."

"What would you like me to do?"

He fidgeted with his fingers, "I was wondering if I could tell you all of the ideas that are chasing each other. You can flush them out?"

Thinking about it for a moment, you shrugged, "Sure. You can message me on that form or I can give you my email. Write it out with as much detail as you have. I can send you something and then see if I've missed the mark, close or spot on. How does that sound?"

David smiled widely, "Thank you so much! You can give me your email now. I don't think you could miss any mark. Thank you again."

You chuckled at him while writing down your email address, "I expect your email soon. Hopefully we can figure something out."

"I am so excited. You have no idea," David grabbed the piece of paper and put it in his pocket. "Have a good night."

6. Theon Greyjoy Part1

You walked out to the balcony over looking the waterfalls of Bear Island. Your family took over Bear Island after the last of the Mormonts died out. Mormont blood ran through your veins, but it wasn't as strong. Your first decree was to make a monument for the old house. It was well recieved and put up in the main hall.

"M'Lady?" a male voice came from behind you.

Smirking, you turned your head slightly, "Yes?"

"The delegates from the Iron Islands have arrived."

Fully turning you moved your deep blue robe out of your way, "You mean your family have arrived, right Theon?"

He smirked and came towards you, "Yes. My other family."

"I am your other family?" you teased.

"I am hoping for that. You haven't accepted my proposal yet," he reasoned and teased back.

Laughing, you quickly kissed his cheek, "That's because your sister hates me." You headed towards the Hall.

Theon smiled and watched you walk away. After he defended Brandon Stark at Winterfell Theon went back to the Islands. But once he met you through Queen Sansa he moved to the Northern Kingdom. The rest has been him trying to win you over and being the in between for the Starks.

Theon walked to the main hall behind you. He stood off to the side until Yara came to stand in the hall. He went over and greeted Yara the way most Iron Born do.

You stood up and put on your polite smile, "Lady Greyjoy. Welcome to Bear Island."

She nodded, "Lady Mormont. Thank you for the welcome. I won't be

long."

"Take as long as you need. Even stay for a day if you want," you offered.

Yara slightly bowed towards you while Theon did the same before leaving. You stayed put and began actually ruling the small island.

Sometime later you heard footsteps coming towards you. Looking up you saw Yara looking not very happy, "Lady Greyjoy."

"Lady Mormont, May I?"

Extending a hand out you nodded, "Of course. Please sit."

After moments of uncomfortable silence Yara blurts out, "He can't bare children."

You put your papers down and looked at her, "That, I know. Theon has told me... some things."

"You have to give him time. Are you willing to do that?"

"Yes, I am. Are you willing to allow him to be with me?" you challenged.

After a moment Yara sighed, "I am."

7. Theon Greyjoy Part2

You woke up to the sun being in your face and your blinds flowing with the breeze the waterfall was making. Taking a deep breath you look over to watch Theon sleep. You decided to allow Theon to sleep in the same bed as you. Nothing physical happened, but you wanted to see what it was like to wake up with him.

"Theon...," you whispered while shifting around to face him. You called his name again while stroking his hair.

His face scrunched up and he moved around a bit. Suddenly he shot up and looked around breathing hard and frantic. Getting out of the bed in the process. Sitting up you did slow movements, "Theon, come back to bed. It's just me."

Taking a deep breath Theon then gets slowly back into bed, "I'm sorry."

"Don't be. It's alright. Can I come near you again?"

Nodding slowly, he opened his arms so you could crawl into them, "Sorry."

"I already said don't be. I should have known better," you whispered while laying on his chest.

Theon sighed and put his chin on top of your head, "When will this fear stop?"

"In time, as all things do. But I was planning of being around when that happens."

He moved his body to look at you fully, "What?"

You smiled and sat up, moving opposite of him, "Theon Greyjoy, Prince of the Iron Islands. Protector of the Ironborn. I accept your proposal. If you will have me."

He looked dumbfounded at you, "Really?"

Laughing at him, you nodded, "Really."

Theon let a burst of laughter out before moving toward you. Playfully tackling you to the bed and hugging you, "You really are willing to marry me?"

"I am. But I can't leave Bear Island for the Iron Islands," you slowly told him.

He shook his head while petting your hair, "I wouldn't dream of it. Our place is here in the North."

You smiled up at him and looked into his eyes, "Do Ironborns have different wedding ceremonies?"

Theon nodded while smiling, "A few things. It's not that our of the ordinary from a Northern one."

"Well, if you would like, we could have an Ironborn ceremony and a Northern one. Being married in both Kingdoms," you offered while running your hand through his hair.

Suddenly, he got stoic, "I am unable to give you children. After you, there won't be a house."

Getting up slightly, you kissed him passionately, "I am not worried about it and you shouldn't be either. There are other ways. Stop overthinking. Please be happy."

Theon's smile slowly came back, "I am happy. I just hope I will make you happy."

8. Takeshi Kovacs

"None of this was suppose to happen. She was never meant to get hurt," Takeshi said to the ghost version of you.

You smiled a tad, "She was meant to meet you. It's who you both are."

Tak scoffed at you, "You don't know that. You aren't really here."

Nodding, you leaned against the window he was staring at, "I'm not. But your subconscious wants me here. In the rain." You then looked up at the skies that had split open.

"Envoy tuition? Or completely losing my shit?"

You laugh, "I'm going to say losing your shit, but not in the way you think Tak."

"Pheromones, they are the one thing you don't shake when you jump into a new sleeve," Takeshi quickly explains.

Sighing, you shake your head at him, "You really are fucking dense Tak. Pheromones? Sure, if that is what's helping you separate yourself."

"I'm an Envoy," Takeshi growled still not really moving, "I have to finish the mission. Answer the unanswered."

"You are an Envoy, but this is beyond being an Envoy. This has everything to do with Ortega herself," you rolled your eyes.

"How?"

Groaning, you pushed yourself off the glass, "You are really fucking dense. You honestly don't see the uncanny resemblance between Quell and Ortega? They are cut from the same cloth just hundred of years apart."

"You don't -," he started after scoffing at you.

You glare hard at him in a threatening tone, "Get off that Tak! I'm in your head! I know what you do. But your mind is working through it how I would."

"Or I," Quell came from beside him. She glanced at you but mainly focused on Takeshi.

He closed his eyes and yelled, "Enough!" which made you disappear from his sight.

9. Frank Castle

"Hey, look what I found," you said as you pulled up an old gun with two of your fingers.

Frank turned around to look at you and then looked at the gun, "Woah, please be careful with that."

You were so uncomfortable with the gun, "Okay, great. Uh, please take this before something bad happens."

He chuckled and came over to where you were and slowly took the gun, "This isn't old. But God, it is super dirty."

Shifting through the rest of the box, you moved it over to the 'trash' part of the room. Your grandfather had died a few weeks ago and your family refused to go through all of his belongings. Hence why you and Frank were chest deep in old, dusty boxes and you finding the gun.

"Thank you for doing this with me," you said again for about the hundredth time over the past week.

Frank looked up at you and sighed, "You need to stop saying that. I have no problem being here with you and you know this."

You nodded and opened the next box, "I do know this. But I also know we haven't been together all that long and this is a big thing."

He just chuckled and shook his head, "Keep going through that box, love. I am alright doing this."

Rolling your eyes, you go through the box that you opened. About two hours later, you have the attic and garage completely done and organized. Frank was in the dinning room looking over the gun that you had found.

"Here," you whispered while placing down the cup of coffee.

"Thanks babe," he said while taking a sip of it. After he put the cup back down he placed the gun down, "Could you come here?"

You went over and sat down next to him with your own cup of coffee, "Yes?"

"I want to teach you how to clean a gun. I know you are uncomfortable with them, but I want you to get somewhat used to being around them. This might be a good start."

Chuckling a little out of nervousness, "Uh- okay. I am totally going to screw this up."

Frank nodded in agreement, "You are and that is totally okay. This gun means nothing to either of us. If we fuck it up, then it is no loss at all."

Letting out a deep breath you put your hands on the table, "Alright. Let's do this. Fuck ups and all."

Laughing, he grabbed a towel as a base and grabbed his gun cleaning kit. He took it with us as a last minute addition just incase a gun like this came out of my grandfathers stuff. Good call.

Frank came back with the kit and sat back down. Taking another gulp of coffee, he opened it up and started to take the gun apart. Explaining each piece and how to properly clean it. After every piece was cleaned to his satisfaction, he then taught you how to put it back together.

After he showed you all of that, he took it apart and laid out all the pieces. Frank moved the towel over, "Okay, you try."

Taking a shaky hand you began reiterating all of what he said back to him. He nodded along and either let you go or slightly corrected you when you missed something. Once you had it all together, you handed it over to him. He smirked and took the damn thing apart and told you to start over.

It took a few times before you were confidently putting it together and placing it on the table. He laughed and kissed you on your final time, "Told you."

You chuckled and took the last swig of your coffee, "I'm not going to admit this though."

Laughing harder Frank went to the kitchen sink and refilled his cup,
"Right..."

10. Kozik Part 1

You cracked a joke to Gemma while standing in the empty Teller-Morrow parking lot. Both of you were waiting for everyone to come back from a run. You met Gemma about a year ago. She knew you were a good legal admin, but no one wanted to hire you. She offered you some cash to sort out her paperwork and kept you part time. It wasn't a lot, but it was better than nothing. The roar of the bikes could be heard long before you saw them. Gemma sighed in relief, you knew they all went to Tacoma, and that's all you were told. Which was honestly okay with you.

After all the bikes were parked and turned off, there were more bikes than before. Clay came up to Gemma, to hug and kiss her. He threw you a smile and side hug, "Tacoma brothers came down for a few days. Could you help set up the back dorms?"

You nodded, "Sure, I have a few minutes before I should get back to the paperwork."

Clay smirked while walking away from both you and Gemma. She turned you, "Come on hun, lets get this done."

We set up a few rooms but left the bare minimum. They were only going to be here for a little while.

You've met Happy a time before and rushed past you to claim a room. A blonde was a bit slower in Happy's mad dash. He smiled at you, "Thanks for this."

"You're welcome," you smiled back and kept walking out of the clubhouse.

~LATER~

Closing the filing cabinet you sat back down at the desk and picked up another piece of paper. It was late in the night, you wanted to get a head of tomorrow. The clubhouse was holding a party to welcome the members of the Tacoma chapter. You weren't much of a partier. You don't drink or do drugs. And you weren't totally okay with

sleeping around.

"You're still here?"

Shooting your head up and saw the blonde Tacoma member standing there, "Yeah. Want to get ahead."

He nodded and held out his hand that had a beer, "I'm Kozik."

"Hello. Oh, I don't drink. Thank you though."

"Really?" he seemed shocked but put the drink down, "So you don't like fun?"

You sighed hard, having heard that too many times, "Sure. I'm a fun less bag of skin."

Kozik leaned forward after a moment, "Sorry. I didn't mean that that way."

"It's alright," you half smirked, "I'm an add duck in harsh waters. But I do need to get this done."

"If I stay, I will be quiet. Promise," Kozik offered while sipping a beer.

Putting your head down you talked without looking up, "Thought you would be hilt deep in a croweater."

He scoffed at the notion, "Nah. I'm alright right here in your company."

11. Kozik Part 2

What was supposed to be only a few days ended up being a few weeks. SAMCRO was under a lot of pressure and the Tacoma members were more than welcome. You didn't know anything of what was really happening, but you were still okay with that.

"You look lost baby," you smirked and focused on Kozik.

"Just thinking, it's a thing people do once in a while Kozik," you sassed at him.

He laughed and went into the clubhouse. Gemma came up behind you, "Kozik... interesting choice."

Turning around you were about to defend yourself but stopped when she talked first, "I approve. You need to get laid. I've never seen you with anyone."

Your face turned red but you didn't say anything. Paperwork still needed to be done and you headed back to the office. Within ten minutes Kozik came in and sat down with a beer. This became part of both of your routines if you stayed late or no one was really around. Some days were filled with chatter, some were sparse conversation, a few were filled with just silence. Those days you didn't push, but made sure he knew you were there.

"You alright?" you asked looking up.

Kozik nodded, "Yeah. I'm all good, baby." Suddenly, he cleared his throat, "Actually, there is one thing."

"What?" you asked a tad mischievous glint came into your eye.

Placing his beer on the desk he smirked, "Stand up."

You made a slight face, pushed the chair back and got up, "Alright Kozik. You have my attention."

Reaching forward he lightly grabbed your wrist and guided you away from the desk, "Trust me."

Giggling, you let him guide you to the small opening in the office. Soon you were toe to toe with Kozik. He moved your hand to his chest and grabbed your hips. Laughing out of nervousness you kept looking everywhere but at him.

"You're nervous," it wasn't a question but a pure statement of fact.

Nodding, you didn't try to hide it. You never thought about ever going near a Son, let alone being this close to Kozik, "What are we doing?"

Kozik shrugged laughing somewhat at you, "I'm winging this. But probably looking like idiots to people outside."

You searched over his shoulder, "Should we hide?"

This time he really laughed, "What are you? 10?"

Cracking your own smile, he brought you a little closer. Being brave you moved your hands over Kozik's chest to around his neck. He closed his eyes and leaned down, "I'm hangin' by a thread here, baby."

You got up closer, a breath away from his lips, "Are you asking for my permission Kozik?" Having a mind of their own your hands went into his hair.

"I am. I won't do anything without consent or permission. God, please say yes," he said sighing waiting for you.

Leaning into him more than he had leaned into you, you chuckled.

Kozik gripped your hips groaning in the back of his throat, "Baby..."

"I'm thinking," you teased.

His head came up and he looked at you, "Oh, really now?"

You nodded laughing a bit. But then went up to him and quickly said 'yes' before going to kiss him. He took a few seconds for his mind to catch up. Kozik's arms came around you, to pull you in.

As soon as it started, you let go. Kozik had a hard time backing off, "I don't want you to stop."

"I know, but I have to go back to work and you to the clubhouse," you giggled while going up to kiss him again.

This time he kissed back immediately, "The clubhouse?"

"Yo! Kozik. Church!" came the sudden call from Chibs.

He looked at you in shock and you stuck out your tongue.

"Kozik!"

"Yeah, coming!" Kozik yelled out the door. Disengaging, you went back to the desk and he scooped up his beer. Just as he hit the threshold of the door, he came back, "This isn't over... if that's alright."

You smiled, "Definitely."

Kozik chuckled and gave you one more kiss before running to the clubhouse.

12. The Handmaid's Tale AU Part1

Notes for the Chapter:

This is part 1 of 3.

The other parts will be coming along in the next few days.

You looked at the plain four walls that you were stuck in. Stark white walls surrounded you. This part wasn't exactly according to plan, but you guessed you could make this work in a pinch.

When someone entered the room, you ignored the figure and looked completely bored. Clearing their throat they began, "As of right now you are a prisoner of Gilead. We will begin your trial in a few days and see where to put you."

You laughed mockingly at him, "I wasn't exactly planning on staying that long. So you can just leave."

The guy looked nervously into the camera for a split second before leaving the room the same way he came in. You looked in the same camera and smiled. Even did a weird ass wave when your hands were handcuffed to the bottom rung on the chair. Yeah, doing this in a pinch was going to be a bigger bitch than we thought.

The door opened again and you sighed heavily, "Are you seriously that fucking dense?"

This time it got you a smack in the mouth which you weren't expecting. But instead of the reaction they were expecting, which would be pure fear, you turned back and laughed. Both men seemed pissed off with your reaction and stood on either side of you. The older one started, "My name is High Commander Winslow."

"Uh-huh," is all you got back while looking around again and trying not to make it seem obvious that you were trying to get a cuff off.

"The other man here is Commander Blaine. We will be assessing what to do with you before your trial is to begin," Winslow said while

staring at you.

You stared at the one who commanded to be held in high priority, "I don't think your little bitch told you. I'm not planning on staying that long."

"That man is a respected member of The Eye. You will respect him as such."

"Nope. Give it to get it is how I look at that one," you looked at him pretty unimpressed.

"God has said...," he began before you quickly stopped him.

"That I really don't care," you shrugged at him.

"Sir, maybe we should just leave her here until the tribunal is set," Blaine said after a long silence in the room.

"No. She needs to know where she belongs in this world!" Winslow said before slapping you again.

You let your head wipe to the side and just let it hang there. You needed time to get your bearings and let him think he had the upper hand. So you kept quiet, but your face kept talking. Something your mother always told you you would get into trouble for.

"Wow, you are going to fun to break...," Winslow said while standing back up and straightening his suite.

"Sir," Blaine then got in the way of Winslow, "We should wait."

"Commander Blaine, I would get out of my way if God is truly on your side," he said before stepping around Blaine to get to me again.

Blaine sighed heavily and changed his tactic, "Before you go at her again. You might want to know what she did to the Guardians and Eyes that found her."

Winslow slowed down and tilted his head, "Do I?"

Blaine looked at you, "She killed two. Sent several to the hospital.

Injured the rest. Not one walked away from that fight without getting hurt."

"Oops, secrets out," you whispered loudly while looking between both men.

Blaine seemed amused by that while Winslow wanted to kill you right then and there, "You haven't been the elegant lady that you should be."

"Not by a fucking long shot. Been your worst nightmare actually," you smirked and tilted your head at him.

Blaine then interrupted again, "She is practically the Leader to the Canadian resistance."

"Someone knows whos who. How cute, Nick," Winslow then stopped dead and looked at Nick before looking at you very confused. "Oh, you don't think we know who you all are? Not's exactly a secret here guys."

Finally, Winslow b-lined out of the door leaving Nick behind with you in the room. He looked at you and sighed, "You do know what they are going to do with you."

You sighed and became in control again, "I do. They are going to use me for a trade to get the children back that had just been given sanctuary in Canada. If the Canadian government refuses then I will probably be up in your concentration camps. But considering who I am and my talent to get out of difficult positions, I am leaning heavily towards a public execution. I am definitely going to guess those are my options if it were up to Gilead."

He just nodded and looked at the camera in the corner, "Those will be your 'options' if you like."

You looked at him, "I've already said. I don't plan on staying here for that amount of time."

"You are a high security inmate. There are Guardians and Eyes all over the place. There is no way out. At least not yet." You arched a brow at him. He got closer while 'checking' the cuffs, "I know you

have other plans in your head. Give me until the tribunal. Please."

"You are helping a traitor to the Republic of Gilead. You are a Commander. A new Commander I may add," you reasoned with him. You really didn't want to trust him in this capacity either.

After he finished with messing with the air he looked at me straight in the eye, "Let me worry about my status. You are a legend within every facet of the resistance. Helping you will help a lot more handmaids and children. Just... let me help you in this."

13. The Handmaid's Tale AU Part2

Notes for the Chapter:

This is part 2 of 3.

The other part might be up tomorrow or next week on schedule.

You were moved to a cell that had one bed in the middle of the room and that was it. This room was just as impressively white as the last one. Nick moved you to this room after staying in that last room for the night. Winslow wanted you to stay in that room indefinitely. But, Nick lobbied hard for you to get moved and he won that argument. When getting moved you could feel the tension between all the guards and the two Commanders.

"You will be here for next few days. Gilead is already talking with the Canadian government," Nick said while letting you into the new cell.

"Didn't waste a minute," you said to no one in particular.

"They are desperate to get the children back. Also, I am going to ask you to do something that you are not going to like," he said back to no one either.

You walked in and sat down on the bed, "What would that be?"

He sighed, "You need to eat. I know every fiber of your being is going to tell you not to. But you really need to."

Looking up at him, he looked at you like he was trying to convince you with his eyes to do as he asked, "Commander Blaine, why would you ask me that?"

"There aren't any cameras or microphones in this room. You don't have to use the façade on me," he quickly said while looking around.

"Fine. Why do I need to eat? I know Gilead has a reputation for drugging prisoners so they are not a problem."

Nick walked in more, "I am overlooking your stay. Let's just say that part is suddenly not going to happen and written down that it will."

"Why would you do all of this for me? You give me up and let me die and they will respect you more than they ever will. You can become a High Commander faster than you think."

He looked down, then right at you, "Because Gilead isn't what I thought it would be. I never really thought about everything in the bigger picture. Until someone showed me that truth. I know how important you are. But you are more important to more people than just me. Alive."

You started at him for a few moments before you smirked, "Who is she?"

Startled, he looked at you wide eyed, "Wha- What do you-?"

"Every guy I have ever known from Gilead always had a change of mind from a woman in Gilead. Never on their own and never with another guy. Who is she?" you admitted.

He regained his composure quickly and nodded, "A Handmaid. She... she had my child a little while ago. She had the child smuggled out with another Handmaid into Canada."

You chuckled, "Oh Nick, you have a thing for the rebellious type?"

"More like a thing for the free thinking," he smirked back.

"Which is an act of open rebellion here and which you fought to stop. Interesting," you said while getting up but not moving towards him.

He regarded you with his head going up, "It is. But let's just say that what I fought for looked good on paper, but it fucking sucks in practice."

"I could have told you that even on paper. Every woman in the fucking planet could have told you that Nick," you spat back at him in a venomous voice that you didn't completely mean to use. It just came up.

You could tell he took your words into account, but there wasn't much he could say that would change the world he fought for and that you were a prisoner of.

"Are you going with me?"

Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath and shook his head, "No. I need to stay here."

"Nick, you could have a whole life in Canada," you tried.

"With you?"

"With who ever the fuck you want. Not just me. Someone who will choose you and not given to you as a prized mule."

He closed his eyes again and looked up at you, "I need to stay because of people like you."

"Like me?" you asked tilting your head.

"The rebellious types that overstep. Who else is going to save their ass when they land here," he suddenly teased and half ass smirked.

You smirked back and nodded, "Okay. If you ever have a change of heart and you can't stand it. You will always have a place at my table, Nick."

He bowed a little with his head and made his way out of your new temporary home.

14. The Handmaid's Tale AU Part3

Notes for the Chapter:

This is the last part of this story.
I hope people enjoyed them.

Have a good day!

Three days. You have been in this cell staring at the still impressively white walls for three fucking days. Clearly they wanted you to go insane before going to this tribunal. Then again, you know they think they have been drugging you nightly. What a pity when they find out the truth.

You ate just like Nick had asked you to. Only a little the first night, but when you didn't feel any drug effects, you felt okay to eat. It was pretty basic food, but you still took it.

The lock slammed open and walked in Nick, "Today is the day of the trial. You ready?"

"Of course, but I am not sure what your plan is after I leave here," you got up and stepped forward.

He came towards you with a pair of handcuffs, "I got in touch with some people from your resistance. They are in place for when you 'leave' the trial."

Quickly, you looked up at him, looking for a lie, "How will I know when to 'leave'?"

"Trust me. You will definitely know when," he said while putting the handcuffs around your wrists. Clicking in them gently. "After we leave this room, you have to act like you hate me. If you don't our plan will go out the window faster than everything."

"I don't think that will be much of a problem," you sassed as you got in front of Nick to walk out the door.

"Perfect. Now, walk."

Keeping your next comment to yourself you began walking through the building. Next, you were lead out of the building entirely and into a black car. About half an hour later, you were pulled out of the car into another building. This one actually looked like a court house.

Women in green, brown, and red were milling around. Some stopped and stared at you. You smirked a little and walked in with the group that was leading you in.

Getting in, a bunch of men in suites were sitting around this table. Winslow was sitting at the head with the seal of Gilead in front of him.

"Welcome. I just wanted to thank all of the Commanders that are here for this tribunal. I know these things can get annoying and way from our wives."

He got a few grumbles back and all the attention was back on you. With out much of a thought you whispered out, "Yep. Just jerk each other off a little while longer. Don't mind me."

Nick gripped your arm harder and told you to stop. I rolled my eyes and took his advice. But that was hard when they started with a bunch of opening prayers, asking for Gods advice, and a bunch of over the top shit that you could careless for.

"Please just kill me at this point. Or let me back in the blank room," you said after about 5 minutes of this droning.

They stopped dead and Nick sighed, "You couldn't resist."

"Okay, fine. Let us discuss what we are going to do with this '*resistance*' fighter," Winslow said condescendingly.

You lifted your head in an act of defiance, "Yea, lets do that."

Grumbling met you back and you smirked. Winslow cleared his throat, "You are being charged with a multitude of sins and charges. The list is honestly too long to sound off."

"Awwe. Come on, you like droning on and on tho."

Nick gripped your arm again, "Jesus Christ, stop."

"Commander Blaine, if she does anything else again. I implore you to use your judgement on a fitting punishment." Winslow said without looking up from his papers.

"Yes, sir," Nick said while you could definitely feel him glaring at the back of your head.

"As we were discussing. The Canadian Government has declined our swap. They are unwilling to even discuss swapping the children," another Commander on the tribunal stated.

"So even your government doesn't even want you," Winslow chuckled while going through more paperwork.

"Don't," Nick whispered quickly before you could open your mouth. So instead, you sighed hard and shifted your feet.

"With her government not willing to cooperate. We have a few other options," the same Commander as before said again.

"We do," Winslow said loudly, "We can give her the coveted status of Handmaid, give her to the colonies, or a public execution."

Nick finally spoke up, "Making her a Handmaid would be a terrible idea. She could kill a Commander as soon as she is placed."

"You're God damn right I would," you smiled pleasantly.

More and louder grumbles were sounded around the room. Winslow got the room again, "So that would be a disaster. You would definitely run away from the colonies. So, it seems like we don't have any other options."

As soon as he said that gun shots were sounded outside. Winslow stopped dead and began looking around frantically. You stayed put and watched the scene unfold. Commanders hid under the table while Guardians came out of nowhere, guns drawn.

"Hit me," Nick said harshly.

Without much of a thought, you swung around and used both of your fists. Hitting him squarely in the head. He stumbled backwards,

dropping the cuff keys in the process. You snagged them up and was about to run out before he grabbed onto your leg. Whipping around you dropped to your knees and acted like you were wrestling him, "What?"

"There's a baton on my belt, grab it. Use it and get out of here. One more hit and make it look convincing."

Looking around frantically, you saw Winslow trying to keep track of you while watching out for his life. Taking a deep breath in you reasoned with your own head, "Sorry about this."

With that you hit him again and took the baton. Hitting him in the stomach with the baton, you found a safe place a few feet away from him and got the handcuffs off. He looked at you and nodded, "Go."

You groaned and looked at him, "Always at my table. You hear me?"

He grimaced in pain while rolling away giving you an open to start your escape. You began to sneak out of the building. The gun fire drawing all of the guards to one other side.

Going up to the entrance, you quickly hit both guards on their heads to make them go down, but not die. Just enough to make them look away from where you were going to go. Then booked it and began running away from the building like it was on fire. Women started to really stare at you. Without much thought you yelled, "The resistance is looking for all of you! Never give up hope!"

You laughed a bit before seeing two of your generals. Running right for them, they smirked and began running with you to the safe house.

15. John Wick - Help Pt3

Notes for the Chapter:

This is another part of the Help stories for John Wick.

I am don't think I am going to do another one of these right now. I don't want to jump the gun with doing the next step.

Letting out a breath in one long withdrawl you looked out the window of the massive SUV. Going to this meeting was not the best idea you've ever heard, but it needed to be done. Plus, you knew the Adjudicator would be back eventually. You would rather have the devil on your side than against you in the end.

"Your father would be pissed that you are doing this," you second commented while driving.

"My father knows what he needs to. He is bound to the Table. Anything he knows he needs to report."

"Doesn't mean he still wouldn't be mad about it," he quipped back.

You smiled a little and sighed, "He would be. But I am head of the syndicate, not him. Not anymore."

More silence that held no malice or ill will. He was just letting you know what would happen if all this blew up in your face. Your father would no doubt hand you over to the Table and save himself and the title he held. Which is why you have told him next to nothing about your dealings. The little he knew was enough to get him off your back and nothing to tell the Table.

When the vehicle did come to a stop, you quickly looked around. You smirked and still got out of the vehicle.

"Interesting place for a meeting," your second said while also looking around.

"Not if you are the Bowery King. Isn't that right?" you said, raising

your voice at the end.

A laugh sounded around the packed warehouse, "You were always so observant."

"Who else would meet me at an abandoned and yet packed warehouse that was crawling with your men."

He was still all smiles, "This is why I have always liked you." Suddenly, he dropped the smile a bit, "I am going to guess the Table has come to see you."

You nodded, "A few weeks ago actually."

"Did they take something from you?"

"I offered them nothing because they could prove nothing. I don't do well with hearsay and convoluted bullshit," you said shrugging.

He held his head high and then nodded, "Are you still with us then?"

Suddenly another voice entered the mix, "She was never really with us. But then again, she didn't have to be."

"John," you whispered and stared in shock.

He came forward and bowed his head a little in greeting.

"What the fuck happened?"

"Winston gave me up and then tried to kill me," was all he said about the matter.

You scoffed and shook your head, "To save The Continental and still have a death grip on his crown. Jesus John."

"I need your help."

Before you could reply your second stepped in, "Hold on. The Table is looking for you, not including the Adjudicators. Then the assassins all looking to get a piece of you. She can't do that."

John didn't even gaze at your second and just looked at you. It was

in a pleading way, a way that he would never voice because of his pride and his reputation. The Bowery King stepped forward in John's defence, "She is the one person that won't put a bullet in our heads. You don't speak for her anyway."

You cut through both of them, "The King is right, you don't. What do you need John?"

Your second looked at you like you have grown two heads, "You can't be serious!"

Finally snapping you turned to him, "Do you know what respect is? Do you know who he is? In this business it is all about respect, when to give it and when to get it. You are failing in the respect department."

Looking like a fish out of water, he looked between you and John, "Your father won't just be pissed about this."

John glared at him, "What he doesn't know will save your life."

Clearing your throat you looked at both men who were more than worst for wear, "What do you need John?"

"A place to hide and weaponry."

"A simple request considering."

John shrugged, "I'm a simple man."

You laughed and made your way back to your SUV, "No, John. You are anything but simple. Simple men get shot."

Your second still couldn't believe what he was seeing, "You're serious."

"As the bullet between your eyes if you fucking tell anyone about this."

John tilted his head and waited but it was the Bowery King that spoke, "Is this a yes?"

Looking back at them you nodded, "Get in." Pointing with your head you spoke to your second, "Drive."

John sat in the back with you while the other man sat up front. John didn't say anything for a while before he turned to you, "I shouldn't have asked this of you."

"Yes you should. And you knew what my answer would be," you smirked.

"They will be gunning for you now more than ever."

You sighed and looked at him, "I helped a dead man. No harm if they are already convinced that he is dead. Leave it John, just take the damn help."

He scoffed and nodded, "Thank you."

Nodding, you looked out the window and tried not to think about what was coming next.

16. Takeshi Kovacs - Uninvited

"So the main plan was essentially hacking into the main mainframe that holds everyone's data from their stakes. Putting a virus that went after any data older than a certain age, then just... wait for anarchy?" I asked sitting at The Raven sipping a drink.

Takeshi raised his eyebrows in a confirmation but shrugged in indifference, "To completely sum it up, sure."

"But that would have killed Quell... wouldn't it? That is a weird plan," I admitted putting down my empty glass. Poe immediately began filling my glass back up with whiskey.

Takeshi decided to relent and give information. The actual information not watered down by The Protectorate.

Putting down his glass Tak sighed, "That wasn't the plan. That was plan... I'm going to say F."

"F for fucking failure," I commented staring at my glass.

He smirked, "You weren't part of any plan. You were an improvised move I'm still not sure about."

I clutched my chest in mock hurt, "Ow. Straight threw the heart Takeshi. I'm dying!"

"Knock it off. You're embarrassing yourself," he shook his head and took a mouth full of whiskey.

I chuckled, "Does it look like I care? Only you and Poe here."

"And one uninvited guest," a voice said coming from the lobby behind us.

"Mrs. Bancroft...," Takeshi started but didn't know how to finish.

I rolled my eyes so hard I thought they would pop out of my head, "Smooth Tak."

He threw me a hard glare before getting up and walking over, "How can I help you?"

She glanced up at him and delivered a salutary smile, "We need to talk. In your room."

"Poe, can you bring me some liquor to my room in about five minutes?"

"Make it an hour," Mrs. Brancroft tried to negotiate.

I shook my head, "That'll cost you extra."

Poe quirked his eyebrows at me and confirmed five minutes with Tak. Just before Takeshi left, he paused and turned around, "You bring it up. Save me."

Chuckling, I nodded and watched him leave with a poisonous serpent.

17. Matt Murdock - Lazy Afternoon

Turing the page of the book you were completely wrapped up into, you absorbed yourself into the next page. Matt was behind you preparing him some coffee and you hot chocolate. You weren't much of coffee drinker and Matt never let up about this. But he still made sure you had your hot chocolate when he made his coffee.

"Here is your childish drink," he teased as he sat it down on the table.

Rolling your eyes you watched him put the cup down and sit down carefully with his, "Thank you Matt."

He smiled and grabbed your knee, "You're welcome. So, what are we reading this time?"

"Uhh- nothing that you need to know about," you hesitated and laughed a little.

"Another one of your books?"

Acting like it was an insult, you gasped, "How dare you. I -- yeah, of course it is."

Matt laughed and began to rub your knee, "What do you call them when you describe them?"

You chuckled, "You mean to hit the point of what kind of series I am reading? Smut with a plot line series."

"Right, that was it. Where did you get that phrase from?"

Shrugging you put the book back in your lap, "Well, it is what they are. So I just put that all together."

"Hmm," Matt said before putting his cup down on the table and then grabbed my book. He began acting to read it, then put it down and turned to kiss you.

Giggling, you kissed back and tried to grab your book back, "What

are you doing Matt?"

"I am trying to make out with my girlfriend on our days off. Then after I was going to convince you to go on a walk with me. I have to grab a few things for dinner," he said while trying to get my attention.

Laughing, you decided to give into him and kiss him back with full force. After a time you were laying down on the couch with him on top of you. He wouldn't go too far, that would take longer than he wants right now.

He finally let up and was breathing pretty hard, "Did I win?"

You laughed and moved your hand through his hair, "I think you did. But when did you want to move this to the next phase of the plan?"

"I am thinking a few more minutes and then doing that," he said before going back to kissing you.

You went with him for a few more moments until you moved to sit up again. Sitting up, you pushed him to his end of the couch and then grabbed your mug. Acting like you two weren't just making out on a couch like a couple of teenagers.

"Really?" he asked dishevelled and breathing hard.

Taking a huge sip of your hot chocolate you hummed in a yes tone.

He laughed and shook his head, "Okay. Good thing you did stop. I still want to go out before the shops close."

"I know. I'm a genius," you laughed out and went into the bedroom to get changed.

"Dress comfortably. I want to get out of the house for a while," he said while coming in the room behind me.

"No problem," you sang while changing your shirt into a comfortable sweater.

Matt sighed, "The times I wish I could see."

Smiling, you went up to him and kissed his cheek. You didn't know what to say to that so you said nothing but continued to get dressed around him.

After a few more minutes we were both ready and went out the door. He went out the door but stopped dead, "Shit."

"What?" you laughed.

He grabbed his keys and went back into the apartment. After a second he came back out with his wallet and his white cane, "Almost forgot these. I'm good in my apartment, but not out in the city."

You chuckled and grabbed his hand, "Well, you do have me."

"True, but this is an added security I can't forget," Matt said nonchalantly and interlaced his hand with yours.

"Well, that seems fair. Where are we going?"

"I haven't quite figured that out yet. I will on the way," he smiled and lead the way out the apartment building.

18. Sons of Anarchy - New Generation AU

Pulling up to the club, you killed the roar of your bike. Chibs pulled up beside you in a blacked out SUV. The members who were apart of Grim Bastards long ago were standing next to their bikes. Once they spotted you they began to move.

"He refuses to leave. Not in the right frame of mind either," one said to you and Chibs.

You blew out hot air, "Got a way in?"

"Walk right in. They want him out as much as you do."

Nodding you began to make your way over to the clubs entrance. This would be the third time you've had to drag your brother's ass out of a club like this. The bouncers moved once they spotted you and your entourage. Music was super loud and lights began to fly. These kinds of places weren't your thing, but here you were. Again.

"Found him," Chibs called and pointed to the second story.

You nodded and made your way to the steps, "One with us. Another at the top of the steps. No surprises." Every nodded and began coordinating between themselves.

Chibs reached him first, "Come on, Laddy. Nights over."

Your brother looked like shit and was higher than Mount Everest, "Chibs! Come drink!"

"How about when we leave, Lad," Chibs reasoned.

His face became confused, "But I don't want to leave yet."

Chibs looked at you in defeat which made you try with a harsher tone, "Enough. We need to go!"

"Why are you here? And fully patched? Oh - someone was a bad girl," your brother snide at you.

"You done trying to impress these no ones? Cause I am. Lets go," you growled back.

Getting angry was his specialty, "Or fucking what? You won't drag me out of here. It would be your mistake! Not that first might I add."

"Wanna fucking bet? There's a reason I brought back up," you challenged.

"Hey!" one your brothers 'friends' got up between you and him, "If he doesn't want to go..."

Glaring hard at him you smirked, "Sit down. Now."

Instead of doing what you said, he tried to grab for you. Chibs pulled his gun and grabbed the guy against his chest, "Bad idea."

When another tried, you brought out your own gun, "An even worse idea." Without looking at your brother you asked, "Willingly or Against?"

Throwing his glass to the ground, he pushed past you, "Willingly."

19. Frank Castle - Passing

Taking a deep breath you let it out slowly still hanging onto your cellphone. Your vision swims for the tenth time in the past five minutes. Trying to hold it together was becoming more and more impossible.

"Babe? You home?" Frank called out once he walked into the house.

Swallowing hard you cleared your throat, "Yeah. In the kitchen."

He came around the corner and looked at you with some concern once he got a proper profile of your face, "What happened?"

You waved him off and tried to get around him.

Frank didn't budge, "Hey, what?"

Refusing to look at him, you looked around everywhere else, "Nothing. It's nothing."

Moving his head into your vision's path he raised his eyebrows at you, "If it was nothing then you wouldn't look like you were about to break down."

You opened your mouth, closed it and opened it again, "I just got some really horrible news."

Frank nodded and held onto your shoulders, "Okay."

"My brother passed away," after that confession your tears broke through and you couldn't stop them.

He sighed hard and looked at you with some pity and remorse, "Oh no. I'm sorry Baby. What did your parents say?"

Taking some choppy deep breaths you tried to get it out but it was impossible. Frank nodded and quickly took off his work jacket. As soon as it was off he wrapped you up in his arms and just stood there with you. The sobs wouldn't stop and took their toll.

After some time he lead you towards the couch and sat you down. He went into the kitchen to make some coffee and came back to you while waiting for it to brew.

Once the coffee was ready Frank got up and made you both a cup. He set them down and looked at you. The sobs had somewhat subsided and you just stared off into space.

"Baby?"

You raised your eyebrows in answer.

"What happened?"

Making an over exaggerated frown on your face while shaking your head, "I haven't got all the answers yet. Or any answers."

Frank nodded and sighed, "Why don't you call them back. You need to know as much as you can."

Like on autopilot, you reached for your phone and called for your parents. After the whole conversation you hung up and set your phone down gently.

"He apparently died of natural causes. Heart attack so they were told by the doctors. They are going to set up the funeral. But that is going to be on hold, he is going to be an organ donor. My mom is going to call me once they have everything set in more stone."

Frank closed his eyes quickly and took a deep breath, "Okay Baby. If I can, I will go with you okay?"

You nodded took your cup of coffee, "Thank you."

Closing in slowly, he kissed your head before going to his own cup.

20. Juice/Juan

Five hours. You have been writing on the dining room table for five hours. Writing was something you did often, but today you felt particularly inspired. You honestly couldn't help yourself. Papers were all over the table with your handwriting.

Suddenly, Juice came through the door, "Yo babe, you home?"

"In the dining room," you called out not really looking up.

He came into the dinning room, "Hey baby, I bought di- what the fuck?"

Looking up at Juice, you wore a guilty smile, "Yeah..."

Gently moving some papers he set down the take out he bought, "Baby...", he looked at you in a slight mock anger, "I bought you a laptop for this reason."

"I know and I still use it. But you know I prefer to handwrite my stories first," you pouted slightly.

He smiled, "I know. I also get ignored the while time as well."

You got up to hug him, "But I totally make up for it."

Laughing, he hugged you back and put his arms on your shoulders, "You do. When I am remembered."

You slouched, "I'm never gonna win this."

"You aren't," he said but kissed you while grabbing dinner. "Collect your stories so we can eat."

Carefully putting the papers together you gathered them all and put them in your room. Dinner was pizza, simple yet effective.

"How is everyone?" you ask.

Between his bite he answered, "Good. Tad bit of tension between

members but it will blow over."

"That's good. I hope sooner rather than later," you smiled at him.

Once you began picking at your pizza Juice blurted, "I really do love you."

You paused and looked at him, "Once I remember who you are."

With that he laughed whole heartedly, "Yeah. After that."

Chuckling with him you continued to eat, "Thanks Juan."

21. Takeshi Kovacs - Loss

Collecting yourself as much as you could you walked through the doors of The Nevermore. You had to meet Kovacs here before the next step in a plan that wasn't totally developed yet. What the fuck was I doing?

"Finally, you are here. I have something - What happened?"

You froze, "Huh? Nothing."

He tilted his head, "No, somethings wrong. What is it?"

Opening your arms you shrugged, "Nothing. What was this 'something'?"

Not totally believing you, he turned back to the bar table and started talking, "I have a connection and got some good hardware to help out. Cost me a pretty credit, but it was worth it."

You nodded along and went to sit next to him, "Sounds good. Are you going to ever reveal the plan?"

"Are you going to tell me what is bothering you so much?" he said before taking a huge gulp of his drink. When you didn't say anything he smirked but not in a laughing way, "Yeah, thought so. Envoy intuition."

"It won't effect anything in your plan. But I do need to take a day or so in the near future," you reasoned and went to grab yourself a drink.

Grabbing the bottle before you could, he moved it to the other side of himself, "Spill."

Looking up at him, you let out a choppy breath, "You don't actually care. So why should I?"

"Because I need to make sure that it won't effect my mission," Kovacs still wouldn't look at you. Just down at the table.

Defeated, you looked down and blocked out the emotions wanted to be felt at that moment, "I uh- I just lost my mom. Real Death. It was her final wish when her sleeve died. She wasn't neo-c but she only believed in one life."

He did finally look at you and sighed deeply. Without saying anything he grabbed your glass and filled it over half full, "When is your family doing a funeral?"

"A few days. We have to wait for the government to register her death and the destruc- destruction of her chip," it was getting harder to hold back your emotions.

After both glasses were more than full in normal standards, "Tell me when and I will make sure you aren't involved in any of the plans that day. I won't make you bare this crap on that day."

"It's important crap. But thank you," you said before taking a huge swig of your glass.

"It never really gets easy. But you find other things to fill your mind, but not the void," he said seriously.

Wiping a tear quickly, you nodded in acceptance of what he was saying, "I am going to take your word for it."

Kovacs just stared straight a head, "My condolences none the less."

"Thank you Takeshi," you said before settling into silence at the bar of The Nevermore.

22. Deadly Class AU - Part 1

"Oh, how nothing has really changed," you whispered to yourself as you gathered your belongings at the dining hall.

"You're back! Thank fuck!" Petra said in a rush.

"That great?" you asked as you made your way through to grab some food.

"Do I have stories to tell you... But you might want to get your people back in line. They haven't exactly been good," she whispered to you before taking off. She wasn't embarrassed about being seen with you. But you weren't a rat and she knew to come around you in small doses.

Getting what you thought was good, you made your way over to your table. Dropping your tray rather loudly, you got the attention of every member of your crew. Some were pleased to see you, others were pissed about it. You already knew why. The party would be over and you were back in charge, "I need an update on what has happened while I have been gone."

You sat down as a few of your crew was filling you in on who was new and where everyone stood. Nodding with what you understood and making note of what you didn't, you kept up with the chatter.

"How was your sabbatical, Irish?"

Smiling, you stood up and regarded the small Japanese woman in front of you, "Who is calling it that?"

"Master Lin. It's what he called it so we would stop asking questions," she smirked.

"Sounds better than the real reason. I'll take it. But, uh, do you got a minute?" Her head did a quick dip and then backed away from the table so you could get out from the table. When you were both out of hearing shots of both of your crews you asked, "What the hell is going on?"

Saya's face never even flinched, "I'm sure your people have told you."

"Only what they think they know. We both know there is another reason. You were interrogated? Chico is dead. Some rat named Marcus is around and stirring the pot. Maria is loosing her grip. What the actual fuck Saya."

She sighed heavily and shook her head, "You know I regard you as an equal."

"That's because I kicked your ass a few times," you smirked.

Rolling her eyes, her smirk returned but very small, "All of this is none of your business though. Stay out of it. Too many people are already involved. I respect you enough to tell you to back down. This isn't a 'I'm telling you what to do' thing. This is a 'I am trying to save you' thing."

Your eyebrow went up, "We both know that I don't need saving."

"We do. But this Marcus is fucking things up for too many people. You don't need him in your life. Especially if you are going to go into the family business as early as you are."

Before you could respond Brandy started speaking loudly, "Well, look at who it is ya'll!"

As you bit back your lip, you waved a little at her, "Hello Brandy. Nice to see you."

She didn't say it back but kept looking you up and down. You were in the same school uniform as she was. Finally, she found her tongue, "So the IRA didn't blow you up..."

Neutral is how you kept your face as Saya looked at you in a bit of shock, "Now now Brandy. I may just have come back from my Sabbatical. But don't forget who you fall under."

Brandy got up into your space as Saya backed off. This had nothing to do with her, so she was staying out of it. Her blonde hair tilted with her head, "I've made new arrangements with your people."

Without missing a beat you smirked, "Which I am making null and void until I can review what my second has done in my absence. What we had before is back and enforced as of right now. That goes for anyone who made a deal with my second - all deals are under review."

Looking taken back, she looked at your second for help, but he stayed where he was and looked away. Brandy straightened her back, "I may not consider that agreement again."

"I'm not worried about it, Brandy. Now, leave. I have unfinished business to take care of," you dismissed her entirely as you faced Saya again.

Huffing, Brandy left and gathered her group of bitches to lick their wounds. You regarded Saya again, "Let me help you fix some of this."

"Stay out of it, Irish," she hissed before leaving. You could tell there was an underlying tone of a threat. But, then again. Raising hell was something you were good at.

23. Deadly Class AU - Part 2

Crossing your arms, you leaned against the stone pillar that was disintegrating in the combat zone. Looking over to the other two people you were with, your score was going to be lacking as fuck if you were graded as a group. Saya sat by you a few feet of you looking calm and waiting. Maria was sitting on a topside tomb waiting as well.

"You two willing to put your shit aside and do this?" you asked to neither of them in particular.

As you suspected, both of them glanced at you but said nothing. You let out a long breath and nodded. Saya then shifted and got your attention, "I'm fine."

"Yeah, that's why neither of you are talking and the tension is so thick I'm sure it will break your sword."

She said nothing but went back to staring at the next pillar. Sighing, you pushed off the pillar and went over to Maria, "Seriously though..." Regarding you with venom on her face she tilted her head and still said nothing. Putting your hands up in a mock surrender, "Alright. But you two have to fix this shit. Like fucking yesterday."

Maria finally sighed and some of the venom left her face, "Stay out of this."

"See, I keep hearing that but I haven't seen either of you start making amends," you said nonchalantly while checking your hidden wrist blades and flexing your fingers in hand gauntlets.

"Don't. It doesn't matter anymore," she quickly said while sitting up on the tombstone head.

A rock falling off the wall got your full attention, "Here we go."

Instantly, both of them were up and on full alert. You just hoped that they were able to pass this test and not aim for one another. Adjusting your bands and the hand gauntlets one more time, you got

into position and waited for what was inevitably going to come.

Sure enough, men come over the wall and around all the corners. Letting one more breath out, you went for the first one you saw. Punching him square in the jaw that were sure you dislocated. The next tried to avoid you, but you outmaneuvered him and got him down on the ground. Over and over you were out doing the men one by one.

Suddenly, two jumped you at the same time. Letting your right knife out, you stabbed the guy in the shoulder. Just as quickly, you activated your left knife, you stabbed both into the other attacker in the chest. The guy fell to his knees and your arms dropped with him before you retracted both of them.

Looking up, you saw that Maria and Saya were doing well on their own. But you noticed that Maria wasn't totally focusing on her targets, she was focusing on Saya. Before you could really focus on what you were looking at, Maria aimed at Saya and swung around. You somehow got in between both of them and caught the end of Maria's fan. With your reactions being as heightened as they were, your arm went up to protect your neck and face. A long slice went down your arm from your elbow to your wrist. Cutting your hidden blade bands which made them fall to the ground.

An ear piercing whistle went off and you flinched a bit, "Maria! What the fuck were you thinking?"

When silence was all that came back at him he sighed and looked down at his clipboard, "Saya, 10. Maria, 5. Whatever it is you are doing... it isn't working. And then you, 9, welcome back. Get yourself patched up. Then see Master Lin, he will be expecting you."

Saya jumped to your side and picked up your band, "I'll take you."

Before you could leave the arena you got into Maria's face, "It fucking matters." You looked over at Marcus and then her again, "I'm not willing to die because of a boy. Figure your fucking shit out Maria."

Taking your own exit, you slammed your shoulder into Marcus and

let Saya 'help' you to the infirmary.

24. Deadly Class AU - Part 3

A few weeks after your combat test, you were starting to pick at the stitches. You were told a scar would be definitely there, but you could just add it to the pile you already had. Sitting with your crew, you moved your food and ate a few bite-fulls. "You alright?"

Looking up, you saw your second sitting down next to you, "Sure. You and I have to talk in private later. Some of your deals don't hold up under my scrutiny."

He cleared his throat and nodded, "Just let me know when." With that he got up and left the table. As you began your moving of food again you heard a loud voice that you could still hear in your nightmares.

"Come on, ya'll!" Brandy yelled out for what seemed like the 20th time in the past hour.

Grounding your teeth at her voice, you kept your head down. Starting another fight while you were involved with so many was not exactly the best idea. "She does it again, I'm going to stab her," you hear as another body sits beside you.

You smirk, "You first. I'll help."

A chuckle was what I got back. Finally looking up I saw Maria, "What do you need?"

"To apologize. I shouldn't have gone after Saya like that. And then ending up cutting you up... I knew she would block me. I just didn't think you would get in between us."

You nodded and sighed into your food, "It may take a little more time for me to forgive you fully."

Maria nodded her head in acceptance, "I figured. But I thought I would make amends with you."

"And Saya?"

With that, she let out her breath long and slow, "That's gonna take time."

"Time that you may not have," you deadpanned.

Maria said nothing and looked around. You could tell they both wanted to make things right. But not a clue on where to start.

After a few more moments of silence it was broken by the southern voice, "Awe, did you two make up now?"

Maria glared while keeping quiet. So you took up the silence, "Fuck off, Brandy."

"Come on, IRA. You can do better than that, right ya'll!"

Brandy got everyone's attention. You sighed and slowly got up, "Back off, Brandy. You don't want me to slice you where it hurts."

She laughed while looking at her crew, "You think you can hurt me?"

Facing her, you kept your arms down to your sides, "It isn't that hard, Brandy. You are as open as a book for children."

Brandy crossed her arms over her chest and stuck her hip out, "Oh really?"

You smiled like you knew all the secrets in her house, "Really."

She swung her hands around like she was directing a circus, "Well then. Come on now!"

Making a show of it like she wanted, you took a moment and walked away from the table you were sitting at. Circling her, you kept your smile, "There is a massive difference between us. Would you like to know what that is?"

"Sure," she said still being cocky.

Your smile got bigger, "Excellent. Let's see... I was my father's first choice. Yours ran out of options. And when I say he ran out of

options, I mean he ran out of sons."

With that her whole face changed. She was no longer cocky and her stance became more of someone who just had their whole world fucked with. Instead of stopping, you continued, "You weren't the first choice. Or even the second. You were the very last option your father had."

Her crew stood and stared at you but then called out, "Brandy!"

She didn't seem to hear them and kept her eyes on you. One more should do the trick, "Your Daddy had no other choice other than to put you here. You aren't a *true* Legacy. You are a backup for the backup. If your brothers were still around, you think you would get as far as you had? That's the real sad part... you haven't realized it yet."

Brandy kept staring at you. But her crew moved towards you, going of the own violation. Before they could get too close, you let out your hidden blades. That made them stop dead and Brandy to come back to the present, "Leave her."

She then turned around and left the room, her group following very close behind her. Maria got up and stood next to you, "How did you know?"

"She mentions it often. How her brothers died and that she was given the reigns. Her family is southern pride. They aren't exactly women friendly unless absolutely necessary. But we are so used to hearing her story, we block it out. I was filing it under 'shit I could use eventually'."

Maria shook her head, "That is why you are more scary than people think."

Shrugging, you turned towards her, "There is a reason I don't use anything against anyone. But it's still there" You lowered your voice by quite a few decibels, "Like I know about your medications you should be taking but haven't."

Her face changed slightly but didn't give much away, "And?"

"And nothing. I'm going to get on you about that kind of shit, it's not my place," you simply stated while staring off where Brandy went.

Regarding you one more time, she started walking towards her crew while you sat back down.

"She is going to get you back for that," Marcus said while walking by you. Clearly talking about Brandy and not Maria.

You regarded him with the same smile you gave Brandy before, "That was the point, Rat."

25. Bucky Barns - Date

You rolled your eyes once again while the table a head of you started their loud laughing at your general direction. You've been waiting for quite a while, alone, checking your phone ever so often. A general fear of being stood up started to creep up your neck and right for your tear ducts.

Swallowing it back as far as it will go, you took a huge breath in and out.

"I'm sure he will be coming, right guys?" one of the group laughing said to you and his friends.

As much as you wanted to fire back, you remained silent and grabbed your phone. Sending the most threatening text you have ever sent, you gently placed it back down. Storm on the inside, calm and cool on the outside. The ways that your mother had always taught you.

More laughing and jeering from the table that has been staring and making comments the whole time. Whoever said kill them with kindness has never dealt with a table of drunk guys before. Killing them with the blunt end of your knife seemed like a hassle but something you could get satisfaction from. Debating on how long it would take to kill the entire table, he stepped in front of you.

"I'm late."

Rolling your eyes so hard you're surprised you they didn't roll right out of the building, you looked up, "What was your first guess, Bucky?"

He let his breath out in one harsh push, and sat down in front of you, "I'm sorry."

"Next time, you sit here getting looks and comments from the table of drunks. This is fucked up, James."

With his actual name being used he snapped his head up at you, "I'm really sorry. I didn't realize how much time had gone by when I was

with Sam until I finally glanced at a clock."

"Ohhh! Guess he really was coming! Congratulations!" the table began to cheer.

Bucky turned around and then looked at you, "Really?"

"They've been at it the entire time I've been here," you nodded and took a breath.

He tilted his head a bit then focused back on you, "So that is what the life threatening text was about. Got it."

"You're lucky I can't vaporize you through the damn thing. You would have been dead looong before that text went out," you fake smiled and went back to the menu.

Sighing again, he stood up and took off his coat. But once that was off it was another round of jeers and comments. He paused before throwing his coat on the chair and went over to the table, "Hello folks."

They all giggled and said their 'hellos' back.

Bucky had one of the fakest smiles you have ever seen on and leaned down, "Look, I am trying to have a date with my girl. I know I'm late and you were keeping her in terrible company. But, I am here now and I would appreciate if you could stop with... what ever this is."

"Well, you shouldn't have been late, man," one of them said rather loudly.

He widened that smile a bit, "You are right. And I know I am going to pay dearly for that one. But again, how about we keep the comments on the quiet."

Instead of talking loudly the one who was speaking up whispered something you couldn't totally catch. But you knew it wasn't good because Bucky's grip on the table with his arm tightened. Without another moment the table completely cracked and scared the hell out of everyone at that table.

Letting the pieces go, Bucky stood up and walked over to your table, "We are going somewhere else. Now."

You nodded and grabbed your coat and bag as quick as you could. Once you two were out of the restaurant you two fell into the same step. Within a few feet his metal hand wrapped around yours and tightened lightly. Smiling, you leaned in closer and placed your other hand on his bicep.

"Sorry."

"I know."

26. Matt Murdock - Stay In

"Do you plan on getting up today at all or?"

You stretched out and turned your head towards the voice, "Not entirely. It's my first day off and I was hoping you would join me."

He smirked at you and collapsed his cane, "You want me to join you? I have already done quite a bit of things today."

"Yes please. Plus, good for you. I don't plan on doing much," you smiled while taming your hair back.

"Well since you asked so nicely I think I can spare you a few moments," he laughed while taking off his jacket.

Moving over, he sat down and moved around to get comfortable, "Come here, I need your body warmth."

"I'm sure you do. You are your own furnace that even I have to get out of the blankets at times," you sassed as you went over and cuddled next to him.

Matt hummed and grabbed your arm to make sure your hand ended up on his shoulder, "Good thing I haven't ran you out yet."

Shaking your head, you chuckled, "That one might be a bit hard Mr. Murdoc. I am kind of attached."

"Good, as am I," he let out a huge breath of air.

You glanced up and noticed he still had his glasses on, "Can I take off your glasses?"

"They are still on? I get so used to them," he shrugged as you reached up and took them off carefully.

"Is there anything else that you have to do today?" you asked as you went over him to place the glasses on his end table.

Matt shrugged and had a bemused look on his face, "I was going to

take you to dinner because it is both of our days off. And we haven't had one together in quite a while."

"Really?" you popped up and placed yourself more on his chest.

Laughing, he nodded, "Really. But like you said... you didn't want to get up today."

Glaring a bit you tilted your head, "A small compromise available, counsellor?"

"For you? Always a possibility."

You smiled, "Good. My compromise is that I get to have you in bed with me for the next while and then I can get up to see some of the day with you. Dinner would be the added bonus."

He faked thinking hard about it, "I agree with your compromise. That sounds pretty good."

"It's a deal then."

27. Sons of Anarchy - Racer AU Part 1

"We are so fucked!" Tig exclaimed loudly as you came into the clubhouse.

"What's going on?"

Jax came out of nowhere, "Church! Now. You stay out here."

Gobsmacked you looked at Jax, "Seriously?"

"We are in deep shit. We owe a lot of and have nothing," Jax whispered before entering the area where you couldn't. You redirected yourself to the bar and sat down. A bunch of questions ran around your head at what Jax said.

The sudden solution came to you while you started off into space. It was simple yet incredibly stupid. Once you heard the gavel band down you shot up and waited for the door to open.

"I have an idea that could help."

Everyone looked you over once then glanced at Jax, "Come in and we will hear you out."

You tossed your phone in the bin and entered, everyone else took their usual spots. Taking a deep breath, you stood at the end of the table, "Okay, so this might sound messed but hear me out. I have a way to make some of the money, but it's slightly illegal."

Chibs chuckled, "All of our ideas were highly illegal. Keep going."

"Before moving to Charming I had a whole other life I don't want that to change my relationship with all of you," you were stalling. Massively.

"The point, Darlin'," Jax sighed.

"I start to street race in Seattle. I was really fucking good too. Dominated the scene and was practically unbeatable."

Utter shock took the crew before you. You told no one about what you did up north. Once your family was killed in an accident, you came back and never left.

Jax leaned forward, "We are in debt by about 60k. You can get that?"

You nodded, "I left my cars with a good friend. I have enough money to get me in and whatever repairs I need."

Kozik chuckled, "60k is a lot, baby. That's a lot of races and repairs."

"Not with the racers I ran with. We always played for big stakes, 10+ a race. Give me a weekend and I will have it."

More shock and silence. Your old self confident self came forward and demanded to be taken seriously. You weren't a hang around or a croweater, but you already had their ear.

Jax looked at Chibs and Tig to ask to vote for proposal. But Chibs looked at you, "If you get caught?"

"It will be my own head. No one knows that I've been here. The money I won before getting busted will still be sent to you."

Tig pointed a finger at you but was looking at Jax, "Her plan makes the most sense. But she takes a member of SAMCRO with her. If it gets out why she is there, hell will have to be paid."

Jax nodded, "Any takers?"

Kozik raised his hand first, "I'll go. It would be helpful to have a mechanic around. Plus I have some business there as well."

Thinking it over, Jax nodded, "All in favour with her plan and Kozik going?"

Every hand in church raised. Including your own. "Passed," the gavel banged down, "Kozik is to wear his cut only when arriving and leaving. That's it. The rest is clubhouse business that Seattle doesn't need to know about."

Kozik nodded and smiled at you, "When are we leaving?"

"Tomorrow morning. You won't regret it."

28. The Old Guard - Joe x Nicky

Notes for the Chapter:

I know we are exceptionally thirsty for any type of fanfic about the ultimate power couple that saved 2020. So, I am going to give this drop in the bucket. Have fun and please don't kill me if it sucks. I tried to incorporate both of their languages, I am not a native speaker of either... if I messed them up please let me know.

Nicky woke up first with a deep inhale, watching the sun stream through the open window in their room. Carefully, he looked behind himself at Joe. Nicky knew he was still very much asleep. With even more finesse, he moved around and went face to face with the one and only love of his life. Nicky began thinking about all the times they have spent together, the rough times they had to be apart. But those rough times never outweighed the together ones, like simply laying in a bed together very innocently. No matter what, his mind kept going back to different part of their past together.

"Shhh. Go back to sleep," Joe whispered while wrapping his arm around Nicky.

Nicky silently chuckled, "I didn't say anything. Just watching you sleep."

Breathing in, Joe winked one eye open, "Didn't have to say anything. You think too loudly."

At that the other man laughed, "Just reminiscing."

"Any time in particular?" Joe asked with both eyes closed. Giving into his other half's thing of watching him sleep.

Nicky took his time answering. He was being distracted by the moment he was in. Finally, he shook his head, "No, bouncing around through moments and times. Good and bad."

Without opening his eyes, Joe let his hand drag up and down Nicky's side and arm, letting it come to rest on his neck, "More good than bad as I recall."

"Like Malta," Nicky quipped.

Joe smiled at the memory Nicky was conjuring up like a wizard, "Greece has similar moments."

"As does Comino. But Malta, I will hold dearly."

With one massive inhale Joe opened his eyes finding Nicky already looking into his soul, "Anything else you were thinking about?"

Nicky shook his head, "No... well, maybe something..."

Joe groaned and leaned forward first giving Nicky small kisses. Even with that, they were already getting breathless. Nicky initiated the kissing going much deeper, making Joe fight fire with passion. Nicky's hands were going places that made Joe's stomach completely tighten with anticipation.

Nicky noticed this chuckled breathlessly, "Veramente?"

"Ya Habib Alby," Joe whispered as his own hands were matching Nicky's. Nicky groaned while he was keeping up with all the passion he was feeling and getting back from Joe.

Suddenly a knock sounded at the door of their room.

Both men went still and sagged a little. Nicky looked at the door and blew out hot air as Joe sighed heavily, burying his head in the pillow and Nicky's shoulder. It was Nicky who found his voice first, "Yes?"

Nile's apologetic voice came back at them, "Sorry. You guys have 20 minutes until we have to leave. Sorry."

Joe sighed heavily and as he was about to respond, he heard Nile quickly retreat away. Looking over casually at Nicky, Joe noted how he was just trying to catch his own breath and settle his heart. Suddenly, he got up higher than he was and began kissing Nicky again.

Nicky kissed him back for a moment before breaking contact, "We have to leave soon, Joe."

Joe shrugged, "We have 20 minutes. We've had less time and we knew this was coming and we have everything by the door."

Nicky relaxed and after about a second thought he leaned up and grabbed the back of Joe's neck. Picking up where they left off.

29. Sons of Anarchy - Racer AU Part 2

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry for ghosting for a while. Things have gotten pretty bad in my life and I needed a break from... god, everything. I am planning to come back asap. Enjoy!!

You slid out of the truck and landed on your feet. Lazily you begin stretching everything out. That wasn't the longest road trip you have ever done, but after this, it kind of was. It has been a *long* weekend and you are pretty sure you broke Kozik. An all night party was thrown for your return. After that it was racing and partying, and not always in that order.

Your old life knew how to party and keep going. The scene opened it's arms to you like you never left. Friends knew what had happened to your family and some hints on why you never left. Small condolences were given and taken. No one wanted to make things more awkward or bring the party vibes down. Which was nice of them in the grand scheme of things.

Grabbing the duffle bag from the back of the truck you walked towards the clubhouse. Jax caught your figure and called for church. Jax waited for you to catch up to him before he went in. He could tell your adventure was a success, but he still wanted you to prove that to him in the confines of that room.

You stood while everyone filed in and took their seats. "Went well?" Jax smirked.

"Better than I thought. The scene up north welcomed me handsomely. Made what the club needed plus all I put into the trip back," you said hoisting the bag on the table. Unzipping the duffle bag, you let it hang open as you backed off slightly.

Chibs got up and checked out the bag and whistled, "Damn Lass, this is amazing."

"So?" you said tilting your head at Jax, "Do I get to say I told you so now or...?"

With that Kozik comes in the door, "I am officially too old to do that again."

Getting a few amused looks, you elaborated, "My old life was... a lot. I might have broke Kozik. A party to start and none of us know how to say enough."

A groan was all everyone got back and his head down on the table. Without moving his head, "That was fucking crazy. She just wouldn't... stop. Back to back races and parties all day no matter the time. I sure our asses were going to get arrested more than once. My god."

You looked away and smirked, "I told you. You didn't want to listen to me."

"Yeah, I am completely regretting that. The only thing that I was more shocked about was the fact that as soon as a driver drank anything they took the keys and they had to forfeit the race," Kozik deeply sighed.

"We may be entirely stupid and play for stupider amounts of money, but we don't condone that shit. There was one accident that made all of us enforce that rule full force."

Chibs smirked as you and Kozik went back and forth, "Alright, alright. We have heard enough. So, what now?"

Jax nodded and you looked at him squarely, "We pay who we need to and hope they didn't suddenly add a percentage on top for being late. Whatever we have left over goes back to our saviour."

"You don't have to do that, Jax..."

Kozik lifted his head and nodded, "Yes we do. Because you are going to feel this in the coming week and I am going to enjoy it. The money will help soften the blow."

"We had so much promise for you," Tig shook his head at the Son.

Kozik smiled mockingly and threw up a middle finger, "Bite me."

Jax chuckled and stood up, "Thank you. Both of you. Kozik is right, we do and we will. We take care of our own for taking care of us. This shouldn't have happened in the first place and we will not ask of it again."

You nodded and smiled sadly, "Well, I guess I should accept. But if you do need me to do this again, I will happily do it. My old life hasn't totally left my system as I thought."

30. Happy Lowman - Moving Part 1

Sighing heavily you put down the box you were holding and opened your new apartment door wide open. Kicking the box inside, you slid it across the floor into the kitchen.

You didn't have many things to bring into this apartment. But what you did have was fucking heavy. Once you were satisfied with where you had slid the box you turned on your heel and went to get another. Instead, you almost slammed right into someone wearing leather.

"Whoa, easy there."

"Oops. Sorry!" you said while your face went a little red. Embarrassment was always something that showed on you no matter what.

He grunted his response and proceeded down the hall. You waited a few seconds before following him down the hall to your stuff outside. The boxes you packed were made for easy travel from the truck you borrowed to your apartment down the hall a bit. The big pain in the ass would be the couch that was sitting there like the evilest thing in the world. It took you and your friend to haul it up there. Getting it down and in was going to be a bitch.

Grabbing a few more boxes the guy you practically ran over rushed past you back into the direction he came from. Moving out of his way a bit you kept moving. If you stopped, you were going to give up. Or end up kicking the box that you were sure had some breakables in it.

"How were you planning to get that couch in that apartment?"

You whipped around and gave a smile, "Not a clue. Still working on that."

He grunted and looked around for a moment, "Name's Happy. I live down the hall."

"Ah, well, it is nice to meet you Happy," you said while walking

down the hall again.

This time he followed you, "In a rush?"

"No no. I know if I stop I won't want to finish and I am kind of on a time crunch with this vehicle. It's my friends and he wants it back soon so he can go to work," you quickly explained.

"No one helping you out?"

"Just me. Let's just say I am not on the best of terms with the rest of my family," you threw a sad smile and headed towards the truck again. Happy went into the direction of the parking lot.

Once you had the last of your boxes, you were prepping on how you were going to get that fucking couch in this place. The logistics in your head weren't working out no matter how hard you looked at it.

"Fuuuuck. Maybe if I can get it off the truck someone can help me bring it into the building at least," you reasoned and began the death walk.

But as soon as you got outside Happy was inside the bed of the truck getting it unloaded with two other men. You slowed down and watched for a moment.

Happy spotted you and waved you over, "Hey!"

Your legs moved before you could tell them to, "Hey. What are you guys doing?"

Happy looked at the couch and truck, "Really?"

Laughing at your own comment you shrugged, "Just making sure my eyes don't deceive me."

He smirked at you, "They don't. I decided that I would spare you the pain of doing this and got some brothers to help."

You regarded the two new men, "Thank you very much guys."

"No problem Lass. Why don't you show us where we are putting this

thing?"

Nodding in agreement you chuckled, "Follow me."

Some minutes later, the couch is exactly where you wanted it. They refused to just drop it anywhere and insisted to place it properly. You clapped your hands together and sat down, "All moved in."

"Seems a bit bare," Happy said while looking around at the sparse boxes around your living room, dinning room and kitchen.

"I have to invest in a lot of stuff, it is true. Let's just say I didn't have a lot of time to grab what would have really helped me," you sighed while looking around yourself.

All three men looked kind of uncomfortable, not knowing where to take that statement. Instead of letting the silence become deafening you opened the fridge, "I have some beers if you guy would like some as payment for helping me out."

Instantly I got a round of yes' and crowd around the fridge. Handing them out, I closed the door and just stood there as the beers were halved in seconds, "That hits the spot. Thanks Lass."

You smiled, "Thank you for getting that beast in here."

Smiling back, he downed the rest and placed the empty by the sink, "We should get going though. Come on guys. See you around!"

"Definitely," you replied as you stood by the door letting the men out.

Happy hung back a little and just watched you. Finally he cleared his throat, "If you ever want to get the rest of your stuff just let me know."

"That is kind of you to offer. Thank you."

"I'm serious," he said while looking down at you, "I know that this isn't close to everything. There is usually only one reason why someone would take this little and move in with someone else's truck."

You felt like you should hide behind the door you held open, "I don't know you well enough to talk about this."

"I know. But maybe one day you will. And I am hoping it will be one day soon. Getting new shit is expensive," he cracked a smile at the end.

With your lips forming your own smile you nodded, "I will let you know."

Grunting with that, he left quickly and ran to try and keep up with the other two leaving the building.

31. Happy Lowman - Moving Part 2

You let out a huge breath of air as you stood outside Happy's apartment door. Today wasn't going to be the easiest. You had made plans with your ex for you to come and get your car and the rest of your stuff. How all those things would be given to you was going to probably be another story.

Happy and you got pretty comfortable in the month that you had been in the building. Not passing without saying hello and checking in on one another. He offered you rides to work when you were leaving at the same time. It was on his way.

Even the occasional, 'I forgot my keys can you please buzz me in' were done. Once Happy was drunk forgot his keys and the apartment number you lived in. So, he went around to your balcony. Him knocking on it scared the shit out of you. Even going so far as you have a small break down from how scared you were.

Next day, he came over and apologized. Suggested that you trade numbers so he can warn you before he does that. But now, this was going to be something different than drunkenly knocking on some glass.

Breathing again you raised your fist and knocked on the door. He opened the door and smiled, "What's up?"

"I uh- I'm going to get the rest of my stuff. I am wondering if you could come with me if you have the time."

You knew he could tell you were scared, "Of course. Just give me a few minutes and I will knock on your door when I'm ready."

Nodding, you said your thanks and headed back towards the apartment. This was going to suck and not in a good way. A few minutes later, a soft knock came from your door. Opening it you smiled up at him, "Thank you."

He didn't say anything which you learned pretty quick was his way. Strong silent type. Happy just lead you out of the building

towards his truck. Getting in you told him where your old place was and let him take it from there.

Pulling up you held your breath. You had no idea what you were going into. Could be tense but peaceful. Could be an all out war. Who knew with him. But once you saw what your car looked like, you knew it was going to be war, "Ohh come on!"

"That yours?"

"Yeah... of course it's mine. He just couldn't leave it alone!" you yelled while you threw your head back as far as you could.

Happy visibly tensed and put the truck in park, "How much do you think he fucked with?"

"If he went after my car... all bets are off. And he's home too. Insisted on being here so 'I don't steal any of his shit.'"

You opened the door and hopped out. At the same time the door to the house opened and he stood there smug as fuck, "Hey Baby."

"Get fucked prick. How much damage did you do?"

He moved out of the door and extended his hand to let you in. While you took the lead you noticed that Happy stuck right behind you. All of your stuff in a pile in the front room completely destroyed. Nothing was salvageable. Clothes shredded, pictures burned or torn, things broken and smashed to little bits. You tried to remain calm as you turned to him, "You were always classy."

When he realized you weren't going to give him the satisfaction of grueling, screaming and breaking down he got pissed, "That's all you got?"

Shrugging, you walked passed him and into the rest of the house. Sure enough, everything you had was gone and probably in that pile. Happy got close behind you, "He got everything?"

"Absolutely everything he could get his hands on. Oh my God, Happy. What am I going to do?"

He stayed silent while looking around, "Start over, Baby. Do what you have been doing for the last month. Don't worry."

Taking a huge breath in, you turned and headed towards the bedroom. You hid one thing you knew he would never find. Sure enough behind the panel in the closet, the small case was still sitting there. Happy stood at the door, "Should we go?"

You nodded and stood up. He grabbed your arm and lead you out of the house.

"Hold on!"

Not wanting to stop, you did anyway and turned, "What?"

Faltering, he stopped for a moment before continuing to come closer, "I don't like this new attitude on you."

Putting on your fakest smile you chuckled, "Tough shit."

Before you could turn around and continue on your way, he grabbed your other arm and tugged. Hard. It almost took you right off your feet. Happy snapped at that moment. He grabbed your ex and slammed him against the wall. The next thing we all knew Happy had a gun to your ex's head daring him to make any move at all that would justify him pulling the trigger.

As you watched the scene unfold in front of you, you clutched the small case to your chest. Finally getting the courage, you spoke up, "Happy? Can we just go, please?"

That seemed to register and he began letting your ex off the wall, "If you go anywhere near her or where she lives now. I will find out and hunt you down. Come on, try it fucker."

With the gun still pointed at his head, your ex stayed silent, but even you knew he got the message. Happy then put the gun away back in the holster you didn't notice before. Grabbing your arm gently, he guided you out of the house and towards his truck. You spared a look at your car, "It might turn over..."

"There is liquid all over the ground. He punctured the rad and

water bottle. You turn it on and it will explode the engine," Happy reasoned while going with you to the passenger side of the truck.

Once he hopped in, he began the drive back to the apartment building, "What was the one thing you were able to get?"

You smiled fondly as you opened the black case, "My parents wedding rings. They died together a few years ago. I spread their ashes as they wanted, but kept their rings. I couldn't let myself get rid of them."

He nodded and focused on the road. Taking his strong and silent persona to the fore front again. After pulling into the parking lot of the building he sighed, "I'm sorry he got everything."

You shrugged a bit, but still sad about it, "I knew he was going to do something. I just didn't think it would be that extensive."

Parking, he just sat there with you still in his passenger seat. Without a word he reached over and put his hand over yours. Then moved it slowly so you were hold hands. You smiled a little but avoided eye contact. Once it was made you were sure he was going to run. Taking a deep breath of his own the rest of his tenseness eased out, "Tomorrow after work I will swing by your old place and take the plates off the car. You can surrender them after."

"Sounds like a plan to me. Thank you again."

He nodded and then slowly let go of your hand. Opening his side of the truck you followed suite. Once you were walking together he looked uncomfortable again, "Can I ask you something?"

You nodded, "Of course."

"Want to come over for dinner?"

That shocked you into a momentary silence, "Yeah. That sounds great. What time?"

"6ish?"

"Okay. See you at 6ish then," you said as he opened the main door

for both of you. "Wait, you know how to cook?"

"Momma Lowman didn't raise no fool Baby," he winked as he kept walking down the hall.

You laughed as you entered your own apartment.

32. Sense8 AU Part 1/2

"This is a horrible idea and not what I meant when I said you should get out more," Your cluster mate said rather harshly.

Resisting the immediate urge to eyeroll because you were in public, you whispered, "They did that set for a reason. To find others and a call to action on some level. It may not be such a bad idea to be on their side when things continue to go south."

They glared at you while you took a sip of your morning coffee, "I won't support this endeavor."

You smirked behind your mug, "Wasn't exactly asking."

Sighing heavily, they conceded, "Riley is in Amsterdam still, so you should leave the city. Damion is the closest in Italy. Take a plane and go there. He can be your fall back should something go wrong when meeting them."

It was a logical step. Damion was the closest and that you two actually met by accident when you went on vacation in Florence. The whole meeting was intense and oddly comforting.

"Heard my name," Damion smiled and sat in the chair in between Rayne and you. Taking in the scene of the coffee shop, his brow furrowed, "What the fuck are you doing in The Netherlands?"

Rayne gave you up faster than you thought they would, "This one decided to go that rave that that cluster organized and BPO crashed."

His whole face changed between anger and worry, "You did what?! You could have been caught! What the...."

"I know! Okay?!" that outburst got you a few curious looks. Waiting them out, you continued quieter, "I wanted to see for myself. Everything else doesn't matter."

Damion shook his head dismayed, "That was reckless at best. If you got caught..."

He didn't have to finish that one. You two had the strongest bond. You knew he felt more protective over you than the others. It would have absolutely killed him if you were caught.

Mentally leaving the cafe and Rayne you went up behind Damion's sitting frame and circled your arms around his neck, "I'm fine and nothing happened."

"We both know that isn't the point," he said leaning back against you.

You smirked, "We do. But this cluster may be onto something."

He sighed and looked up at the ceiling, "So what is your plan now?"

"Rayne was right before you showed up. I need to get out of Amsterdam. With BPO here in full force and The Cannibal as well - leaving is the best option," you said while letting him go. He would have stayed like that as long as you were.

"My door is never closed to you."

"You are always welcome at mine in Thailand," Mali said sincerely.

"The Firefly Festival is lovely in Japan," Sota smiled.

Ender smiled sadly, "Venezuela isn't exactly a safe place right now... but I would in a heartbeat."

"My closest friend, Ghana would welcome you," Serwa said while putting her hand on Ender's shoulder in comfort.

Rayne finally came back, "Canada welcomes anyone. Even it's wayward." Rayne waved around themselves at the last statement.

"Stop it, you aren't wayward. Dude, Christmas in July... it would blow your mind here in New Zealand!" Rhys laughed and stood next to Rayne.

You were overwhelmed with the outpour of love and excitement each person had. All of you dreamed of meeting. However, circumstances had only the few privileged ones could move as freely

as they all wanted.

"I - uh," you wiped tears quickly from your eyes. "Thank you - all of you for your generosity. But I have this pull to stick around Europe."

Damion nodded and looked around at the others, slight disappointment etched into each of them. You took the floor back, "I swear, once BPO is no longer the threat it is... We are going to pool our resources and make sure that we all meet and enjoy each others company far more than we do now. Please believe me."

Serwa smiled and stepped towards you, "We will always believe you. You were the first to want to travel to see each of us until we learned of BPO."

Sota laughed, "It was hard to not share your excitement but also your disappointment at the knowledge. We can wait a little longer. Don't you worry.

33. Sense8 AU Part 2/2

"I'm glad you are coming back to Florance. I've missed you."

You chuckled at Damion, "We visit one another constantly. There isn't a day that goes by without one of us seeing the other."

Damion threw you a lopsided grin, "Not what I meant."

No, you knew full well what he meant. He missed the intensity, having you there with him, "Well, I only have an hour left. Be patient."

"Was never one of my strong suits."

Rolling your eyes, you looked out the window. You were incredibly lucky that the flight was sparsely booked so not too many people were around you.

Rhys huffed in the isle, "While I am still mad you chose him over me. I am beginning to understand Rayne's worries."

"It would have been the most horrible trap in the world if it was one," you sighed out and kept a level head about this.

"But they were there and waiting. That's the problem. Their call to arms attracted other Sensates, including you. That could have been a massive pay load of us for them."

"The Cannibal was there only for Riley and her cluster-mate. It seemed everyone else seemed irrelevant," you said replaying the night over in your head.

Damion seemed to catch on to what you were saying, "It's personal for him."

You nodded, shifting in your seat to face them both, "We know about Iceland and the fact they have somehow stayed one step ahead. This is no longer business as usual."

Something clicked with Rhys, "It's revenge. So he is totally

preoccupied."

"But, that doesn't mean we go into the light so quick. Other clusters still made backdoor deals with him. It would be a fools errand," you warned.

Rhys nodded before dropping his connection. Leaving Damion with you, "I'm already at the airport."

That made you laugh while you looked at him shocked, "Seriously?"

"I am not going to hide how excited I am about you coming back. Business or pleasure. Doesn't matter - you will be here."

"You are still going to have to wait."

He chuckled and held your hand, just waiting for time to run out. As expected, you landed and wondered over to the end where Damion was practically crawling out his own skin. Once your eyes locked with his an easy smile broke across your face. Damion wrapped you up in a massive hug. Immediately a rush of air hit you both.

After you both regained your composure Damion grabbed your hand, "Come on. Let's get you situated and rested. You can try to connect with them later."

The next day after you got used to one another and had a long sleep you sat down at Damion's kitchen table. He sat across from you, "I don't mind you telling them where we are. Just be careful with that."

Nodding, you shifted around and settled again. Picking up the connection with Riley. You looked around their small flat, "Could do worse in all honesty."

Riley looked up from her cup of coffee, a little stunned but welcoming at your intrusion, "Hello."

You smiled, "Hi. Nice set in Amsterdam - Well, before BPO crashed it."

"Thank you," she smiled which caused the guy to come into the same room you two were in.

"You talking to me?"

Riley looked at him and then you, "Actually, a friend from the rave."

His eyes went wide as he searched the apartment on instinct, "Really? It worked!"

She just nodded as you moved around him, "I made eye contact with him too and he doesn't see me... must be some good blockers. What's his name?"

"Better than some alternatives that we had tried. Can you tell her your name?"

"Uhhh," he looked around and then let out an airy laugh, "My name is Will. Will Gorski."

"Wouldn't have been easy," you heard yourself say as you looked over to Will. "I hope to actually meet you one day, Will. But I am going to guess that his enthusiasm is because there was a plan behind the show."

Riley looked at Will and chuckled, "I am sure he would want to meet you too. Especially if you went and then made contact a few days later. That takes courage. But yes, the plan was to see how many sensate clusters we could connect to. "

"Or plain undiluted stupidity. Take your pick. Well, you have connected to mine. As humble as my cluster is... if you need anything..."

"We will let you know," Riley smiled and then looked at Will who seemed very confused and completely left out of the loop.

"Wow. Already willing to give us a life line?" Will asked honestly

shocked.

You shrugged and smiled, "My cluster is some the most softest people you will ever encounter. It was an unanimous decision to throw you a life preserver before you drowned. We have our own tricks up our sleeves - maybe not your level. But tricks none the less."

Riley smiled and wiped her eyes with her sweater, "Thank you."

Bowing you head a little, you looked around again, "Where the hell are you anyway?"

"Well... we haven't told anyone but our cluster," Riley began.

"You don't have to tell me. Trust is a two way street right?"

She nodded while you split your attention to Damion who hasn't moved from his spot. You arched an eyebrow at him. Immediately he nodded and let his posture be more opening.

Going back to where Riley and Will are you smiled and then moved the scenery from their hide out to Damion's apartment. Riley looked around almost enchanted by what she was seeing. Finally, she settled and Damion, "He is part of your cluster..."

"He is. This place is actually his. I left for it a day after the show. He was the closest one and I have a feeling this place holds more then what people are letting on."

Damion chuckled, "That's because you think the Queen of Naples is involved."

"She is always involved in something," you admitted and let Riley walk around the modest apartment.

"So you are in...," Riley was trying to come up with the right country.

"Italy. I am going to try and stay here for as long as I can."

Riley hesitated before threw you a very small smile, "I can tell you that we are still in Europe. But that is it. Will is still very..."

"Worried is probably a good word."

"Thank you for trusting us enough to make your presence known," Riley said as you mentally went back to their apartment.

Will looked pleased that the interaction was happening, but still the lines of worrying were present. You went in-between them, "Tell him that it will be okay. And that your cluster isn't as alone as you think."

Dropping your connection, you let in a huge breath and looked at Damion, "That was better than we could have imagined."

34. Casey Parker - Date Pt 1.

After getting dressed in your usual scrubs you walked out of the change room and into the Pit. Many of the other nursing staff hated it, but you quite liked it all. The fast pace environment sold you the moment you were 'accidently' transferred over. You put in the paperwork to the ER department that night, haven't regretted it since, "Evening Dr. Schmid, Dr. Parker, and Dr. Kim. Already waiting for me?"

A bunch of hello's came back at you before giving you a list of what they want done. Being a stickler for note taking you wrote it all down in an odd abbreviated form.

"I still can't believe you can read that," Dr. Parker said amazed.

You smiled at him, "Part is privacy reasons the other is to be kept a mystery Dr. Parker. If I told you, it wouldn't be fun."

"It's like the-uh-Cree during WW2," Levi laughed.

"Navajo," you and Dr. Parker said at the same time. He glanced at you and you just shrugged.

"That's pretty good for an ER nurse," Dr. Hunt said giving you a chart.

Saying nothing you took off to start your shift. You got through your tasks relatively quickly even had a few extra minutes for a water break.

"How did you know?"

Startled, you jumped and spilled a bit of water, "Dr. Parker! Uh - know what?"

"About the code in WW2?"

You chuckled at him, "Reading Dr. Parker. I do some on my spare time."

"Casey." Looking at him oddly, he clarified, "My name is Casey. I already know yours."

You smiled a bit and moved to throw the cup you used away, "Well... Casey, I have to get back."

"Actually, I was wondering if you wanted to get coffee. With me," Casey said nervously.

Looking at him for any signs of a lie you nodded, "Yea, sure. When you figure out when come find me in the Pit."

Ah, paperwork, the bane of my entire existence. You were almost done your shift and couldn't hand it to someone else. Your wonky short hand cut that off.

"Are you available to talk?"

Looking up, you saw Casey doing his own charts. Alone. "I am, Dr. Parker."

He smirked, "Does tomorrow after our shift seem too soon?" he kept writing.

Smiling, you went back to your paper work, "No, Casey. Tomorrow night is fine. Here," you grabbed a piece of paper and wrote your number, "If you cancel. At least text me."

Casey quickly grabbed the slip of paper and put it in his pocket, "Promise."